

25272.12.17 (56)

## The last farewell of three bould Traytors.

*Bloody Cromwel*, bloody *Bradshaw* and Tyrant *Ireton*, who being drawn to Tyborn upon two Sledges, *January 30. 1661.* the same day of the moneth as they Murdered our Sovereign Lord King *Charles the first*, of ever blessed Memory, *Cromwells* Sledg coming first to Tyborn, his Coffin was broken open, then a rope put about his Neck, by the Executioner, and drawn upon the *South* side of Tyborn, *Bradshaw* and *Ireton*, come on the second Sledg, and *Bradshaw* was drawn up with a rope on the *East* side of Tyborn, and *Ireton* was hanged on the *North* side; they did hang for the space of six or seaven hours, in the view of thousands of people, then was their heads cut off by the Executioner, and their bones buried under Tyborn, and their heads set where the Kings Majesty pleaseth.

To the Tune of, *Oliver was of Huntington, &c.*



**W**H did not hear of *Olivers* *Dole*,  
with a fa, la, la, la, la, lero.  
It was of the largest size as I suppose,  
with a fa, la, &c.  
He was excellent cunning and wise,  
And Craftily fooled the people with lies,  
And thought by his wit to surmount the Skies,  
with a fe, &c.

He was a *Somblie* in time of the *War*,  
with a fa, &c,  
And he caused many a bloody scar,  
with a fa, &c.  
From a *Captain* unto a *Lord Generall*,  
And then a *Potestor* at last of all  
And from that high stile he there caught a fall,  
with a fa, &c.

But in the first place, he ruled as a King,  
with a fa, &c.  
He had his pleasure, the world in a King,  
with a fa, &c.

He had whatsoeuer with the beck of his fist,  
And commanded all men to what he list,  
And those that offended, he gave them the Twist,  
with a fa, &c.

Then *Noll* at last fell mighty sick,  
with a fa, &c.  
Past the cure of man or Phylick,  
with a fa, &c.  
When *Noll* was falling sick and would dy,  
Bestman *Jone* sung for nither *Chapell*,  
And being an *Opion* he seemed to cry,  
with a fa, &c.

Then a brave Tomb there must be made,  
with a fa, &c.  
And in it this *Victor* must be laid,  
with a fa, &c.  
And further to worship their *Idol* beast,  
Every day made him a feast,  
After they had put, his bar-boone in his chest  
with a fa, &c.

25272.12.17 (56)

## The last farewell of three bould Traytors.

*Bloody Cromwel*, bloody *Bradshaw* and Tyrant *Ireton*, who being drawn to Tyborn upon two Sledges, *January 30. 1661.* the same day of the moneth as they Murdered our Sovereign Lord King *Charles the first*, of ever blessed Memory, *Cromwells* Sledg coming first to Tyborn, his Coffin was broken open, then a rope put about his Neck, by the Executioner, and drawn upon the *South* side of Tyborn, *Bradshaw* and *Ireton*, come on the second Sledg, and *Bradshaw* was drawn up with a rope on the *East* side of Tyborn, and *Ireton* was hanged on the *North* side; they did hang for the space of six or seaven hours, in the view of thousands of people, then was their heads cut off by the Executioner, and their bones buried under Tyborn, and their heads set where the Kings Majesty pleaseth.

To the Tune of, *Oliver was of Huntington, &c.*



**W**H did not hear of *Olivers* *Dole*,  
with a fa, la, la, la, la, lero.  
It was of the largest size as I suppose,  
with a fa, la, &c.  
He was excellent cunning and wise,  
And Craftily fooled the people with lies,  
And thought by his wit to surmount the Skies,  
with a fe, &c.

He was a *Somblie* in time of the *War*,  
with a fa, &c,  
And he caused many a bloody *scar*,  
with a fa, &c.  
From a *Captain* unto a *Lord Generall*,  
And then a *Potestant* at last of all  
And from that high stile he there caught a fall,  
with a fa, &c.

But in the first place, he ruled as a *King*,  
with a fa, &c.  
He had his pleasure, the world in a *ling*,  
with a fa, &c.

He had to do tofether with the becke of his fist,  
And commanded all men to what he list,  
And those that offended, he gave them the *Twist*,  
with a fa, &c.

Then *Noll* at last fell mighty *sick*,  
with a fa, &c.  
Past the cure of man or *Physick*,  
with a fa, &c.  
When *Noll* was falling sick and would dy,  
Bestman *Jone* sung for nither *Chapelry*,  
And being an *Opinion* he seemed to cry,  
with a fa, &c.

Then a brave *Tomb* there must be made,  
with a fa, &c.  
And in it this *Hero* must be laid,  
with a fa, &c.  
And farder to worship their *Idol* beast,  
Every day made him a feast,  
After they had put, his bar-boone in his chest  
with a fa, &c.



**B**ut then brave Monck he turned the side,  
with a fa la la la lero,  
Thence Lambert and Hallerig out of their pside  
with a fa, &c.  
Brought in our King and the Traytors knapt,  
And many into fast prison was clapt,  
But they wanted a tyrant under ground to capt  
with a fa, &c.

It was thought the great wind had him stole,  
with a fa, &c.  
At last they did bed into a hole,  
with a fa, &c.  
And looking into the Wall round,  
Olivers hole they quickly found,  
And two Traytors more that lay under ground  
with a fa, &c.

Then out of Westminster they lifted them hey,  
with a fa, &c.  
To the Sign of the Lyon all in one day,  
with a fa, &c.  
And then upon the Chitfield day,  
On Stages they did them convey,  
To Tyburn for to take their way,  
with a fa, &c.

Oliyer first to Tyburn came,  
with a fa, &c.  
The Sheriffe and his men for him made room,  
with a fa, &c.

Then he quitted his Coffin bar it,  
With a Rope Gaffer Cromwel up he trust,  
And when he came down his head off must,  
with a fa, &c.

Then Bradshaw next that bloody Judg,  
with a fa, &c.  
To hang him up Dun did not grudge,  
with a fa, &c.  
There did hang this bloody fiend,  
On Tyburn he had a stretching ending,  
And then next his head must be severed from his  
with a fa, &c.

Then Ireton next to make a Triangle,  
with a fa, &c.  
They there by the Peck in a halter did dangle,  
with a fa, &c.  
Now these Traytors have lost their powers  
Who formerly had gained Towns and Towers,  
Did hang at Tyburn six or seven hours,  
with a fa, &c.

Cromwel, Bradshaw, Ireton, farewell,  
with a fa, &c.  
A mass under Tyburn for the Devil of hell,  
with a fa, &c.  
From Tyburn they e're bid adieu,  
And there is an end of a Pinching crew,  
I wish all may to their King praise true,  
with a fa la la la lero.

By Abraham Miles.

Vivat Rex.

London Printed for John Andrews at the White-Lyon near Pye Corner